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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1858.

## Sketchings.

THE BELMONT COLLECTION.

At the request of several gentlemen of taste of this city, the Hon. August Belmont, late minister plenipotentiary at the Hague, has generously placed before the public a fine collection of paintings, purchased in Europe; the proceeds of the exhibition are to be for the benefit of the poor of the city. This collection embraces master-pieces by many of the first artists of continental Europe, and it contains masterly Art. The pictures come to us from a land where Art is beyond price; where money fails to tempt Art from the hands of comparative poverty, where statues in honor of artists stand in the thoroughfares, where fêtes are held to rejoice over artistic success, and from a land where artists have represented the people. No wonder that the Art of continental Europe is, and always has been, the Art of the world, for Art there stands at the head of popular thought and feeling in recognized fellowship with the greatest subjects of human interest—Law and Religion. Lovers of the Beautiful will find in this collection works by Delaroche, Gallait, Rosa Bonheur, Meyer, Koek-koek, Meissonier, Chavet, Plassan, Girardet, Rousseau, Troyon, Calame, Achenbach, Horace Vernet, Leys, Madou, Robbe, Schelfhout, Willems, Keyser, Merle, and others. Going to press before the Exhibition is open to the public, all we can say to our readers is, do not fail to visit it. The Exhibition is held at the National Academy of Design in company with the British Exhibition. We are authorized to state, that by the courtesy of Mr. Belmont, artists and students of Art will be admitted free on leaving their names at the door.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The English Gallery was closed for a few days during the past month, in order to make arrangements for the Belmont collection, Mr. Ruxton having generously surrendered two rooms of the gallery for its exhibition. During the interval a new disposition of the pictures was made, and the gallery now appears to be even more attractive than before. The pictures were remarkably well arranged upon the first hanging; the space is ample, and every work that in any respect deserved a good place, obtained one. By the new hanging, every picture in the collection will have been seen upon "the line." Different members of the Academy, including its president, A. B. Durand, Esq., with the president of the Art-Union, A. M. Cozzens, Esq., artists, and others accustomed to this arduous task, agree in pronouncing the arrangements of the exhibition, in all respects, to be of the most liberal and impartial character. We are unable to express our full gratification and thanks for the opportunity to study and enjoy the portion of English Art which Mr. Ruxton has given us in his exhibition; we do not know of a more praiseworthy act than this enterprise, undertaken so disinterestedly by Mr. Ruxton, and so honorably carried through, for the purpose of making the Art and artists of his country known to a kindred community. The success of the exhibition has been much greater than was anticipated, and the enterprise will never be forgotten among the incidents relating to the history of Art of our day.

## DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

ARRANGEMENTS are now completed for giving a series of Art conversazioni, on the plan of those established in the European cities. The artists located in Dodworth's Building, in conjunction with many of their brethren, have taken the matter in hand, and we are now authorized to state that the first of a monthly series will take place on the evening of the 8th inst.

The objects of Art will consist mostly of studies from Nature, sketches in oil, water-color drawings, pencil sketches, etc., and will, consequently, form an unique and peculiarly interesting exhibition. Larger pictures will not be wanting, quite a number having been offered from the studios and from private collections. In addition to this, several musical artists are expected to add to the evening's entertainment. A limited number of cards of admission will be sent to connoisseurs and friends of Art. The committee of arrangements for the first month are E. D. E. Greene, Geo. H. Hall, and A. F. Bellows.

We hear of one or more sketch clubs for the study of the human figure being organized for the winter. The plan pursued is, for a dozen or more artists to meet two evenings a week in an appropriate room, especially fitted up for the purpose, each member becoming responsible for furnishing in his turn a living model, who is generally picked up somewhere in the street, and retained for a small sum. Care is generally taken to select a subject who promises the requisites of picturesque costume and appropriate figure. Fine subjects are often obtained in this way, and not a little amusement and interest is the reward of the effort. This organization has been successfully carried out, both in this city and in Brooklyn, for two or three years past, and promises to become a very useful means of artistic improvement. The expenses are light. We understand that there is room for new members in the schools now forming. If this beginning should eventually lead to the establishment of such schools for study as abound in Paris, conducted somewhat after the same plan, we should be heartily rejoiced. That careful attention to the figure which characterizes the French school is sadly wanting with us. The French landscape artist often devotes many years exclusively to the figure, seldom less than four or five. If we hope to compete with such pictures as he paints we must do likewise. We have seen otherwise splendid landscapes in our annual exhibitions, which were disgraced by attempts at the figure that would not have been tolerated by an Art-committee of the American Institute.

We saw the other day at Brattleboro a copy of that statue which was erected last winter on the Common in snow, and stood frozen to ice on the morning of the New Year. Larkin G. Mead, the young sculptor, has been enabled to reproduce the figure in marble. He calls it the "Recording Angel," and has endeavored to embody the serious thought which visits us while we look backward and forward from the line which separates a closing and an opening year. The figure is not deficient in dignity, the head is slightly bowed, with a sort of appealing earnestness; the scroll of the past is closed, and the pencil hangs loosely in her hand, while she waits meditating on the future. The defects of the work are those inevitable to youth and inexperience; its merit is an universal subordination of all other qualities to a moral meaning. The artist has tried to make an expressive, not a pretty figure. The attempt commands respect, and this statue, modelled and cut under great disadvantages, in a remote New England village, will be found

worthy of serious attention among the trifling symbolical allegorical or mythological marbles of the day, which are recommended to us only by delicacy of features and refinement of finish. It goes to Washington, where we hope the noble intention of the author may be appreciated.

THE *habitué* of the studios of New York artists a few years back would be pleasantly surprised upon making their circuit at this time, to observe what changes have been wrought in so brief a period. The artist in former days was compelled to submit to small, ill-lighted dormitories, approached by filthy stairs, and situated in buildings appropriated to different and uncongenial purposes. Their rooms when attained generally wore an aspect in accordance with their surroundings; their dilapidated walls, shaky floors, and rickety windows, the wreck of a once maltreated bed-room or inaccessible store-room, did not invite the expenditure of much taste on the part of its half-disgusted occupant. A few fragments of chairs and tables, with a traditionary easel, composed the furniture. But things have rapidly changed. Many of the artists have now rooms, or suites of rooms which are models of neatness, order, and even elegance, and they are arranged in all particulars for their peculiar uses. As examples of this we might instance the studios in the new Tenth street building.

It is evidently becoming the fashion for the artist to receive his guests in a style of elegance and taste that should always characterize the man who is by profession a cultivator of those excellent qualities. It is high time that the artist understood that his own room is the most fitting place in which to exhibit his works, and he who can induce people of refinement to resort to his studio is in the fairest way to be appreciated. At a time when men of all professions are cultivating the Arts, and surrounding themselves with all that taste and money can procure, it behoves the artist not to be left behind in so good a work, and it is one amongst the numerous evidences of a growing taste for, and appreciation of the Fine Arts, that we now see these improved studios.

Dear Orayon:

Boston, Dec. 14, 1857.

THE recent exhibition at the Beacon Street Athenæum was the most successful one on record. Many works of Art were of a high order, and the receipts were greater than on any preceding year. When the casts from the antique, which Mr. W. W. Story has been collecting for the institution, arrive (and they are expected immediately), there will probably be an exhibition of a month's duration at the Athenæum.—All the painters, with the exception of Mr. Champney, who writes to a friend that his health is completely restored, have returned to the city, and are hard at work in their respective studios. Mr. Ames, who has been at Baltimore for some months past, executing commissions for his southern patrons, is again in town, and is painting several ideal heads. The engraving of his last picture, "The Death-bed of Daniel Webster," is finished, and will soon be here, as it is now on its way from London.—Mr. Ball's *bas-reliefs* of "The Declaration of Independence" and the "Treaty of Peace at Paris," for the base of the Franklin Statue, are already cast in bronze. Mr. Greenough has completed the other two, and they are now at Chicopee, in the hands of the workmen.—Mr. Wheelock, the artist in water-colors, is doing some admirable landscapes.—The New England School of Design is quite full, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Tuckerman's excellent and thorough course of instruction will be the means of giving us some new artists

well grounded in the first principles of Art.—Connected with the Lowell Institute of this city is a free evening drawing school for the benefit of mechanics' apprentices, and I am told that some of the lads evince a remarkable degree of talent. That such classes might, with proper management, be of incalculable advantage to the youths of this and other cities, there is not the slightest doubt. I have never visited the school, and know but little about it, but presume it is in good hands.—As to the Nydia, I ought to have explained myself more clearly. The statuette at the Athenæum was Greenough's "Beggar Girl of the Appian Way." There is not, as I can ascertain, any cast or copy of Mr. Rogers' Nydia in Boston; but a friend received a letter from Paris, which stated that a statue of that name, by Mr. R—, was on its way to Boston. When the Beggar Girl was placed on exhibition I went to see it, and although it did not answer the description which I had received, I was told that it was the work of Mr. Rogers, and as such named it in my letter.—Herman Melville delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association some two weeks since, upon "Roman Statuary," but with what success I am ignorant.—Few commissions for works of Art are given at the present time, and many which were given before the present financial crisis have been countermanded.—Private letters from abroad state that Miss Lander is engaged upon a new work, and that Miss Hosmer was at that time *en route* to Rome from Florence, in company with her friends, the Brownings.

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MR. CHURCH, who has taken possession of a new studio in the Tenth street building, has under way a landscape, on a canvas some ten feet in length. Mr. Church has in his room a number of very pleasing studies, the result of his late trip to South America.—Mr. Hays, in the same building, has finished and in progress some fine game-pieces in his best manner.—Mr. Gignoux is at work on an autumn view of Trenton Falls, for Mr. Belmont's collection. It promises to be worthy of his accustomed ability.—Mr. Elliott is about completing a full-length portrait of Mr. Bacon, of St. Louis, a distinguished banker. The picture is destined for the Mercantile Library of that city, and is one of Mr. Elliott's happiest efforts. We noticed in connection with this picture an expedient in its painting, which we may, perhaps, attribute to the influence of Pre-Raphaelitism, that has increased to so great an extent since the English pictures came amongst us. The figure of Mr. Bacon is represented in the act of taking a book from a library; the book-case is one of a range of three, the last of which retires some fifteen feet in the background. In order to have the graining of the oak as perfect as possible, the artist resorted to one of those, not generally recognized Pre-Raphaelite artists, called wood-grainers, but his difficulties with the grainer's literal mind were most tantalizing. No amount of instruction could beat into his truth-loving head that the distance, or parts in light and shade should be modified so as to appear in their proper place in the background. He painted all alike, insisting upon the faithful imitation of his subject, and to the last persisted in his maintenance of the true principles of his art. It will be readily understood that the artist's task began where his assistant left off.—Mr. Ehninger is occupied with two cabinet pictures; one, "Lady Jane Grey," and the other, an out-of-door scene, representing a young girl feeding a brood of chickens. He is also engaged upon a series of India-ink drawings, consisting of farm and drover scenes, which are fine compositions; these are executed in Mr. Ehninger's best vein.—Mr. Rowse, since the last

reference to his works, has finished several fine crayon heads, among which are portraits of Longfellow's children, one of Miss Cushman, and portraits of Messrs. J. R. Lowell, T. E. Church, and W. J. Stillman, all characterized by the same rare qualities which render Mr. Rowse's works so attractive.—Mr. Rossiter, who enjoys one of the best studios in town, has commenced his large picture of "The Merchants of the Country."—Mr. G. H. Hall has lately completed an admirable fruit-piece, which affords an opportunity for the display of fine drawing and brilliant color. Mr. H. is also engaged upon cabinet-figure-pieces.—Miss Anna Mary Freeman, who has taken one of the studios in the Tenth street building, has completed, and is engaged upon miniatures of more than usual beauty. We have seen several especially noticeable for fine color.—Mr. R. M. Staigg, so well known by his miniatures, executes with equal success cabinet-portraits in oil. Mr. Staigg occupies a studio in the same building with that of Mr. Hicks, in Astor Place.—Mr. Mignot, now in the Tenth street building—which we believe is called "The Studio Building"—accompanied Mr. Church to South America, and is now painting one of the peculiar mountain views of that "far country." The canvas is a large one, and the picture promises to be highly interesting.—Mr. Gifford, lately returned from Europe, is located at Hudson. A number of his works, painted abroad, are at Mr. Gray's studio. One of these pictures, belonging to C. C. Alger, Esq., "A View of Lake Nemi," will greatly advance Mr. Gifford's reputation.—Mr. Lang has on hand a picture called "The Dorcas Society." It is composed of industrious and beautiful young ladies, some of whom are working and chatting, and others, we think, coquetting a little with one or two young gentlemen in the background. In color and treatment it is one of Mr. Lang's most successful efforts in this line of subject.

The Exhibition of the Washington Art Association was opened on the 15th December, with an eloquent address by the Hon. J. R. Tyson.

SEE Exhibition circular of the National Academy of Design on advertisement page.

#### THE FUNERAL OF THOMAS CRAWFORD.

THE remains of Mr. Crawford are now deposited in Greenwood Cemetery. The funeral service took place in St. John's Church, on the fifth of December, attended by the family and relatives, and a very large concourse of personal friends and artists, including the members of the National Academy of Design and the Century Club. The Rev. Dr. Berrian, the Rev. Morgan Dix, and the Rev. Mr. Weston performed the impressive Episcopal service of the dead, a choir accompanying the solemn words of a portion of that service with appropriate music. After the service, the body was conveyed to Greenwood, one of the clergymen attending, accompanied by the following gentlemen as pall-bearers, Charles Sumner, H. T. Tuckerman, G. W. Greene, Francis Lieber, Jr., James Lenox, J. F. Kensett, Thomas Hicks, G. W. Curtis, and T. P. Rossiter, together with a large number of the friends of the family.

Upon receiving intelligence of Mr. Crawford's decease, a meeting of the National Academy of Design was held, at which the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas, We have received intelligence of the death of Thomas G. Crawford, a distinguished member of this body, whose brilliant genius has greatly contributed to elevate American sculpture to its present rank with the highest contemporary achievement, therefore—

"Resolved, That we mourn this afflicting event in profound sorrow,

as the loss to the Academy of a much honored and beloved member, to our profession of one of its brightest ornaments, and to our country of an illustrious citizen.

"Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of our deceased friend, and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that the artists generally of this city and vicinity be invited to unite with us in these marks of respect to his memory.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved family of the deceased.

"A. B. DURAND, *President*.

"T. S. RICHARDS, *Secretary*."

The Century also held a meeting, and likewise passed resolutions as follows:

"Resolved, That the members of the Century share with their fellow-countrymen, and with the whole world of Art, in the deep regret so widely manifested at the death of Thomas Crawford, sculptor.

"Resolved, That while we lament his death thus occurring in the prime of life and before his great powers had been fully developed, yet we are proud that they had been exhibited in works of beauty and genius, which have thrown a glory around his own name, and reflected honor upon that of his country.

"Resolved, That feeling it to be the duty of this association to take something more than a passing notice of this mournful loss, it is ordered, that a member of the Century be appointed, to deliver an eulogy upon the life and merits, personal and professional of this excellent artist and man.

"Resolved, That such address be delivered at a special meeting of the Century, to be held for that purpose on due notice.

"Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and express to them our deep sympathy with their bereavement.

"Resolved, That the Secretary also cause these resolutions to be printed in the public journals of this city.

"GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, *President*.

"JOHN H. GOURLIE, *Secretary*."

Mr. Thomas Hicks, the artist, is the orator designated by the Century Club to deliver the eulogy upon the life of Mr. Crawford.

In addition to the above testimonials of respect and sympathy excited by the occasion, we have to add the proceedings of a meeting held in Rome, at which the American artists resident in that city attended, also a number of the most distinguished artists of Europe:

At a meeting of artists and other friends of the late Thomas Crawford, held at Rome, on the 4th of November, 1857, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: "

"Resolved, That we unite in expressing our heartfelt grief for the loss of our esteemed late associate, Thomas Crawford, our cherished and lasting regard for his memory as a friend, our high estimation of his character as a man, and appreciation of his eminence as an artist.

"Resolved, That we offer to his widow and family our deepest sympathies and condolences in their great bereavement.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by those present, be forwarded to Mrs. Crawford.

"J. E. FREEMAN, *Chairman*.

"L. TERRY, *Secretary*."

After the resolutions were proposed, Mr. Gibson remarked, that he believed every artist in Rome would agree with him that Mr. Crawford was a man of very great talent in his art. He said that he had watched his progress with great interest for many years, and considered his talents as of the highest order. That he had left many fine works in his studio, which would have done honor to any man, and that he would have been an honor to any country.

(The substance of Mr. G's. remaining remarks is embodied in a

note which he kindly wrote out next day, of which the following is a copy :)

"ROME, November 5th, 1857.

"Dear Mr. Terry:

"Among the many fine works which our late much lamented friend Crawford has left to his country, I think his model of the Indian is his best work. After his death, I began to think what compliment his friends and countrymen could pay to his memory, and it struck me that his model of the Indian might be cast in bronze, and placed in some fine public hall, where the people could see it close to the eye, there to stand as a monument to the author, an American sculptor of great original genius, who distinguished himself at Rome for so many years.

"I remain, dear Mr. Terry, truly yours,

"JOHN GIBSON."

It was afterwards proposed and unanimously voted that Mr. Gibson's remarks should be appended to the resolutions.

A proposition was then made and unanimously passed, that the artists and other friends of the late Mr. Crawford should raise funds by subscription for the purpose of having a cast made in bronze of his statue of an Indian, to be put in some suitable place as a lasting monument to his genius and talent, and a token of our high appreciation of his worth and cherished affection for his memory.

#### OBITUARY.

We are again called upon to record in our obituary column the names of two valued and much esteemed artists.

WILLIAM RANNEY, who for many years past has been so well known as a delineator of scenes and incidents especially belonging to our country, died at West Hoboken, November 18th, 1857, having fallen a victim to that insidious and fatal disease, consumption.

We believe Mr. Ranney commenced his career in some branch of mercantile life, but his occupation was continually at variance with his natural taste and feelings. During the Texan war he became connected with the army, and was thus rendered familiar with many of the incidents of our border life, which his pencil has so faithfully portrayed. After the close of the war he came to this city, and engaged rooms in the New York University, but afterwards removed to West Hoboken, where he built a picturesque cottage, having a large and commodious studio attached. This was so arranged as to receive animals as the objects of study, and on these occasions, with the artist at work, surrounded by all the accessories of his peculiar branch, a picture itself was afforded well worth painting. In this studio were displayed old flint-lock guns, pistols, and cutlasses, and trappings characteristic of border life, suspended from every corner; while saddles and riding gear of patterns belonging to the early history of our land, besides numerous and well-painted oil studies covered the walls, making this quiet retreat one of the most novel and interesting in our midst.

Mr. Ranney devoted himself with heartfelt zeal to his work, and his death was unquestionably hastened by his too assiduous labor. His works are familiar to the frequenters of our exhibitions. One of his most ambitious performances was that of the "Sale of Manhattan Island by the Indians," and now in the possession of Dr. James Anderson. The costumes were carefully studied from prints drawn from authentic sources, and the picture is curious on this account, while at the same time it indicates that Mr. Ranney had powers which needed only to be developed to place him high among our historical painters. Of late years Mr. Ranney, from his being out of the city, and on account of ill health preventing his association with his

friends here, had little opportunity to meet his brother artists, yet all who knew him will bear witness to his kindness and gentleness, and to the possession of those qualities which go to form the true artist everywhere.

MRS. HERMINE DASSEL.—Mrs. Dassel was a native of Königsberg, Prussia. Her father's name was Borchard; he was a banker, and at one time a man of fortune, which enabled him to secure to his children an excellent education. He lost his property, however, in 1839, in consequence of financial troubles in America; the liquidation of his affairs reduced his possessions to a small farm, depriving his family of teachers, servants, horses and carriages, and all the comforts which they had previously enjoyed. Upon the elder children devolved the duties of housekeeping, the cultivation of the farm to some extent, as well as the instruction of the younger members of the family. At this time Hermine devoted herself to the art of painting as a profession, hoping to derive from it a support for herself and family. She would attend to her household duties in the morning, and then, with portfolio in hand, wander off over the dusty or muddy road to the city, and again return to attend to the flowers and cabbages, and the making of cheese and butter. She soon had the satisfaction of receiving a commission for a full-size portrait of a minister; this she painted in the church, with her model on the altar, the country folks standing about, astonished and wondering that such a tiny little girl could accomplish such a marvel. She soon went to Dusseldorf, attracted thither by the pictures of Sohn, which she saw in an exhibition in her native city. She studied with this artist four years, supporting herself entirely by her own exertions. Her pictures found ready sale, consisting of subjects of this character: "Children in the Wood," "Peasant Girls in a Vineyard," "Children going to the Pasture with Goats." After her return home she applied herself again to portrait painting, in order to obtain money sufficient for a tour to Italy, which was the great end of her ambition. She was accordingly fortunate enough to be able to accumulate in one year one thousand dollars. Out of this sum she furnished her brother with an amount large enough to secure his promotion to a doctor's degree, as she wanted to have him accompany her as a travelling companion. A journey to Italy was much opposed by all her relatives; a girl so young, and fresh, and diminutive, could not protect herself; she would inevitably encounter serious misfortunes. Her mind was made up: she packed her things, took leave of her friends, and one morning started off on the way to Vienna, directing her brother to follow on. She was never in want of friends; everywhere persons took an interest in her; without money one day, it was sure to come on the next; her faith was never shaken by accident or hardship of any description. In Vienna she began her studies, seeking models in the streets, and taking them to her room. From Vienna she passed to Italy. Of her studious life in Italy many sketches bear witness, still to be seen in her studio.

The breaking out of the revolution in 1848 obliged her to leave Italy, and as the route to Germany was unsafe, and fearing to become a burden to her friends, she resolved to go to the United States, especially as an opportunity presented itself to travel in company with a family in whose house she lived after her brother had been called home by the government. She rolled up her sketches, put them in a tin box, and repaired to Leghorn. When about to pay her passage, the draft she presented was refused; she sat weeping over the disappoint-

ment, with letters before her from friends in Rome and Germany, imploring her to abandon this suicidal plan of emigration; they represented to her strongly the dangers of the journey, the hardships she would encounter in a foreign land, without money, without friends, all of which they set before her as insurmountable. She came down to supper. A traveller just arrived, observing her eyes red with weeping, was led to show an interest in her; she related her troubles, upon which the stranger examined the draft, and finding it good gave her the cash for it. This gentleman was an Italian, and she remained in constant correspondence with him to the last. The next day she was on board a vessel bound for this country. She arrived in February, 1849. The only letter of introduction she brought was to Mr. Hagedorn, of Philadelphia, in whom she subsequently found a friend and protector. She landed in New York, and at once began to paint. Her first pictures, representations of Italian life, were exhibited in the Art-Union, were much admired, and some of them were purchased by that institution. She found no difficulty in making friends. Five months after her arrival she married Mr. Dassel. Since her marriage she has led a happy life, with cares and sorrows incidental to a family, and to an arduous profession. She triumphed over all, however, and realized all the comforts which belong to labor and success. The departments of Art in which Mrs. Dassel was most successful were portraits in oil of children and pastel-portraits. Her latest works are copies of Steinbrück's "Fairies" and the "Othello" in the Düsseldorf Gallery, which are unusually successful works of this class. Mrs. Dassel was making steady progress in her art, and she would have doubtless attained a prominent position had she lived to develop her powers by practice and study.

Whatever may be the character of Mrs. Dassel as an artist, she was more admirable on account of her social traits. We should not be doing justice to the rare virtues of this noble woman not to allude to the acts which have endeared her to so many observers of them. In past days, when quite poor, with nothing to rely upon but her own exertions, with serious illness in her family, she has never been so poor in time or money, as not to interest herself in behalf of others more unfortunate than herself. We personally know of countless instances of her servicable kind-heartedness. It will not soon be forgotten how she exerted herself at the time of the dreadful shipwreck of the *Helena Sloman*, when she obtained by personal effort, in a few days, the sum of seven hundred dollars, nor of her ministrations among the poor during the severe winter of 1853. She has, it is true, many peers in similar acts of benevolence, but few, however, whose deeds of this kind relieve upon a position in life so little calculated to develop them.

Mrs. Dassel died on the 7th December, and was buried in Greenwood. Besides her own family, consisting of a husband and three children, she leaves only one relative in this country, a brother and a clergyman, at Dayton, Ohio.

WOMAN.—As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordained by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*W. Irving.*

## Studies among the Leaves.

"A VERY ingenious author," named Andrew Wilson, has written an essay, under the title of *Infanti Perduti*, its subject matter being humanity's lost children, "those who have failed, knocked under in their life-battle," men of genius, in short, a term the very mention of which, so far as happiness in the flesh goes, startles the ear with doubtful import. The author holds up to view the relations of genius to the age it lives in, and so displays the "forlorn hope of humanity," as to make it the index of the selfishness and ignorance of that age. He reflects with great sarcastic force upon various nationalities: Italy, in its relations to Dante; and Scotland to Burns and others. The story of "The Unripe Man" is a fitting prelude to our extracts, and one that leads to its own moral:

"When the Arab merchant, Shayk Mohammed of Tunis, went among the Forians of Central Africa, these intelligent clouded-black critics, observing his Semitic reddish-brown complexion, and considering the subject in the light of such moral and physical truth as abunds amongst them, came to the conclusion that he was not a ripe man; that he had been born into the world before his time; that men so born are good to eat—and that their Sultan had sent this one to be devoured. A very rude way that was, but at least unaffected, of stating the doctrine; and I must say that in all the lately published philosophical treatises, I have found no such proof of penetrating genius as is afforded by the above judgment, which proves, moreover, if the work of a poet be to *speak* what other men do, that these negroes were poets as well as philosophers. But in order to see the profundity of the remark, we must remember that the phrase 'made to be eaten' can be very variously translated. With the majority of the Forians eating meant eating—slicing, broiling, masticating; but one man among them seems to have had more enlarged views, for he proposed that they should wound the Arab in order to see how long it might take to empty his veins. He apprehended that an unripe man was sent by the Sultan in order that the ripe men might make food of him, not for their stomachs only, but also for their souls; that instruction, as well as pleasure, might lawfully be got out of men born into the world before their time. In this way the Forian doctrine may be made to suit a great number of cases, for, in the great human tribe, the man born before his time is devoured in very various ways. In rude states of society they eat him literally, and with relish, but as men advance, they get a distaste for this article of diet, and take their gratification out of him in other ways. In less rude states they sacrifice him to their gods, believing that though they themselves cannot, these will relish the delicate unripe morsel. In still more advanced states they sacrifice him, not to the Powers of Nature, but to the Moral Power. They regard him as impious. They immolate him for the benefit of morality—pounding him in mortars, giving him hemlock to drink, sawing him asunder, crucifying him, burning him, throwing him to wild beasts—thus obtaining, besides the satisfaction of the moral principle, spectacles of great interest, and greatly gratifying to certain human sensibilities. Civilisation teaches the introduction of the more cruel element of mercy; the most interesting of all sights being to see the man 'die of himself.' When my excellent old friend, Duke Abbas, late Prince of the Johanna Isle, had been taught a little English and civilisation by the sailors of the ships touching (as they did more frequently some years ago than now) at his domain, he would allow of no executions. Over a gaunt huge negro tied to a tree in the last stage of starvation, with tongue hanging down, and eyes swollen out of their sockets, it was once remarked to a philosophical observer by a brother of the Prince:—'My brother, he a most merciful man; he no take away life. No! when one bad man is, he tie him up dis way, and no gib him nothink to eat, and nothink to drink, till he die all of himself.' This is a great